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# NEWS & VIEWS

### Co-Opting Canada (Cont.)

The United Church of Canada is getting a bitter blistering for selling its publishing house, Ryerson Press, to a subsidiary of McGraw-Hill, Inc., of New York City.

"How could an institution so essentially Canadian as the United Church let a publishing house slip out of Canadian hands?" the Toronto *Globe and Mail* asked.

The Toronto *Daily Star* provided its answer: "The United Church, despite its oft-stated commitments to Canada, appears to have put a higher value on dollars."

The transfer of Ryerson to McGraw-Hill of Canada, Ltd., was for $2 million—not, as international sales go, a sum such as to dazzle one with the importance of the transaction. Yet from reactions, it's as though Prince Edward Island were being ceded to Maine.

One reason for the reaction is that, as a major publisher of elementary and high-school textbooks, Ryerson is regarded as a vital element in Canadian culture. "Its sale to non-Canadians . . . constitutes a serious loss with far-ranging implications for our cultural cohesion," the *Star* remarked.

Another reason is that the sale constitutes another extension of U.S. economic domination over Canada. If this continues, says the *Star*, "we will end up as squatters in our own land, and our progressive economic subservience will be only a prelude to our political extinction."

Liberal opposition legislator Tim Reid would like the government to rescind the sale. "What happens to the textbook publishing industry in Canada is equal in importance to the television and radio industry," Reid argues. "It's much more important than even the Canadian banking industry and the Canadian uranium industry. What happens to the minds of our children in school is much, much more important than what happens to some rock in the ground in some northern Canadian mine."

The United Church, meanwhile, stands resolutely by its original logic: the bids of Canadian companies were not high enough; it was time for the church to get out of commercial publishing; it wished to use its funds in more relevant ways.

The last must have stung critics of the sale the most.

### McCabe's Return

There was no Uncle Tomism, . . . er, Father Tomism, in Herbert McCabe's return to the editorship of *New Blackfriars*, from which he was purged a few years back for suggesting that the church was corrupt.

"As I was saying before I was so oddly interrupted," Father McCabe wrote, "ecclesiastical authorities can behave in some fairly bizarre ways."

McCabe then slipped into a discussion of the "Kerala nuns business," siding, not unexpectedly, with the world press over the Vatican and Curia preferences for handling that vocations mess.

"All this forbidding and ordering and private investigating is just a game and it seems to have had no effect at all on the traffic [in novices]," McCabe commented. "What finally blew it up was publicity. The competent authorities would have been a lot less incompetent if instead of talking about 'ignoble lies' (which later became 'undue exaggerations'), and instead of issuing orders, they had been in real two-way communication first of all with the novices concerned and secondly with the world at large."

### Colombians and Indians

Another atrocity story filters out of Colombia to match the horror tale of last winter involving the Cuiba Indians. This time the victims are the Guahido Indians of the Planas region, but the victimizers are the same: white settlers and officialdom, the vested-interest folk.

The tension began last February, when between 100 and 300 Guahido Indians rebelled against the exploitation and human misery which has been theirs since the coming of the white man. The Indians killed three white settlers, then fled into the jungle.

EXcalibur/LNS

Retribution has been indiscriminate and enduring. There is constant harassment of Indians, arbitrary arrests, jailings, torture and the death of some innocent people.

The unfounded accusation of a white settler is sufficient of itself to justify castration, electric shock 'treatment,' and worse.

A group of scholars, churchmen and labor leaders has appealed to Colombian authorities to bring a halt to that country's version of law-and-order warfare. Their appeal is being circulated in this country by Thomas Quigley of the U.S. Catholic Conference's Latin American Bureau.

The drafters of the appeal would like to see the situation redeemed by a new government policy toward the Indian, one that was more than another profession of good intentions, such as dot the past, one which protected and promoted the economic, social and cultural heritage of the South American Indian.

It's so practical a dream, but, under the circumstances, so extravagant too.

### Odds and Ends

—The Chicago newsletter *Overview* recommends the excising of chaplains from Catholic organizational life: "The advantages to both sides would be considerable. The organizations would be spared the inevitable ten minutes given over to the chaplain's inspirational ad-libbing and the price of Father's annual Christmas gift. And they might even learn to think for themselves. The priests, freed from hours of trivia, might put the time to better use."

—Headlines in two journals sum up European analysis of November's U.S. elections: THE SILENT MAJORITY WHISPERS, *The Economist*, London; THE MOUNTAIN LABORED AND BROUGHT FORTH A MOUSE, *Le Monde*, Paris.

JOHN DEEDY



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# CORRESPONDENCE

### Neither Male Nor Female

Halifax, Nova Scotia

*To the Editors*: Like Father Martin Egan [Letter, Oct. 30], I too perhaps receive *Commonweal* somewhat later than the average subscriber. Like him again, I am moved to write about recent comments concerning women and the priesthood. In my case, however, the objection expressed relates to Father Egan's own recent statements concerning the role of women in the church of God.

Father Egan's whole argument, including his citing of St. Paul, seems to indicate an amazing lack of sensitivity to history and to the total patriarchal, historical context in which Christianity had its beginnings. St. Paul, whose sexual hangups are well known, did, among other things, allow that "there is neither male nor female . . . in Christ." He did manage to help raise women from the level of mere chattel to that of at least a partner (albeit a preferably silent one), and the early Christian church did have a specific office of deaconess reserved for women.

With regard to the use of the word "man" in the Christian tradition, it is worth remembering that the word "man" in Indo-European languages is a generic term which, when used to mean "humanity," can apply, at least in theory, to both sexes. Other languages, e.g., Japanese, use one term to designate "man," another for "woman," and a third for "human being." We have not been so sensitive; our custom, for reasons which relate to the topic at hand, has been to equate "man" with "human being." Can we not hope, in 1970, that the "basic argument that the Christian priest must be a man" may not in a more enlightened future be interpreted to mean "a real human being"?

The argument from "eternal fatherhood" and "somehow 'bridegroom'" must surely be seen in the context of

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## BISHOPS AT A CROSSROADS

On balance, the recent meeting of the American bishops in Washington was a noteworthy one. The meeting had its minuses, as such meetings inevitably do. Once again the bishops met behind closed doors; also, their deliberations were beclouded by the confirmation of the inane purging of Harry J. McSorley from the dialogue team conferring with Lutherans, because McSorley, a foremost scholar on Lutheranism, had resigned from the priesthood. On the other hand, the bishops did advance reform in certain liturgical areas, and they did face the fact of vital new subcultures within the American church by voting $150,000 to the National Office for Black Catholics, and $125,000 to the organization of Spanish-speaking priests, PADRES. Further, though the motion to receive communion by hand did not achieve the necessary two-thirds vote to pass, it did win a majority and it had significant support from prelates like Cardinal Cooke and Archbishop Hannan. Such support would appear to make it only a matter of time before the church here joins Canada, France, Germany and the Netherlands in that liturgical advance.

The big question is whether on this as so much else the American bishops can continue to move at their measured pace and still expect to hold the church together. It is extremely doubtful. Every day there is new evidence of people moving ahead or away from the church, with additional problems for the institution. The bishops' meeting provided indications of two of these problems. One was in the announcement of a $2 million operating deficit of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the U.S. Catholic Conference, a deficit due partly to rising costs and decreases in interest income, but due too to a dip in collection revenues. If church attendance is off, it follows that collections should be off; the bishops revealed that the Laetare collection suffered a drop of $1 million. The second indicator was the public indifference which surrounded the bishops' meeting, as though there was no special importance to the fact that the bishops were coming together to decide weighty questions. Admittedly the fact that the bishops meet every six months rather than annually has its effect on interest levels. Admittedly, too, not all agendas can be compelling ones. Nevertheless, the decline in interest—by the media and by issue-oriented groups, to cite but two elements—should be a matter to give the bishops pause. Not that the media did not cover this year's meeting



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adequately, and not that there were not lobbyists seeking the bishops' ears. But it was not as it was in April in San Francisco, and most certainly not as it was a year ago when interested parties were sitting in and swarming all over the meeting. Something has gone from these gatherings, and it is not novelty alone.

Even so, this fall's meeting had its moments—as when the National Association of Laymen, itself suffering interest problems, revealed the small official cooperation it was accorded in studying diocesan finances; and when a spokesman for the Office for Black Catholics rejected the bishops' $150,000 as insufficient and "racist." The actions were important, both in their own controversial ways. But it may also be important that the one issue which this year directly engaged the bishops with elements in the church was finances, a detail which may indicate that areas of mutual concern may be slipping to lesser denominators. This is not to say that finances are an unworthy or irrelevant point of concern; it is only to suggest finance is not what religion is all about, especially when unresolved are basic issues from the past—authority and individual freedoms in the church, for instance—and a whole range of unconfronted issues, like women's place in the church. The latter were only barely approached by the Sisters who met with a committee of bishops to discuss increased decision-making and pastoral innovations involving nuns.

Relationships within the church need revitalization badly, and the challenges here extend in all directions. Most particularly they point to the bishops, for it is with them that leadership still resides and it is they who will make or break the internal fortunes of the church in the U.S. This demands of the bishops a daring and imagination, and a forthrightness about commmunicating, dramatically different from past or present. The alternative is a continued loss of concern among Catholics, and a situation in which the bishops could end up strangers in their own church, talking to a handful of people.

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**SEVEN MONTHS TO HIGH NOON**

# *FROM GM TO BIG STEEL*

The first flurries of a bitter November wind were blowing across the street at the entrance to the huge Jones & Laughlin steel mill in Pittsburgh's bleak South Side, and the mood of the workers making the early-morning shift change reflected both. The stores were making their holiday merchandising pitch, the Christmas Club signs were up in the banks, and both served to remind steelworkers in this steel-oriented town that they still travel an economic treadmill.

"I'm not one damn bit better off than I was ten years ago," offered a pipefitter who started at the mill when he came back from World War II. His winter of discontent, say those who watch the steel industry, is but a prelude for an inevitable confrontation which will lead to the country's first nationwide steel strike in a dozen years. For barring an unlikely sequence of events, when the master contract in the basic steel industry expires next July 31, better than half a million workers will be on strike.

Not since 1959, when steelworkers faced up to the industry for 116 long days before an agreement was reached, have the prospects been so gloomy. "A strike against the basic steel industry next summer now appears likely," predicts *Business Week* in reporting "speed steel buying" as the inevitable hedge by users against mill shutdowns in 1971. The industry press reflects the storm warnings: *Iron Age* saw upwards of 100,00 steelworkers out of jobs by Christmas just before the General Motors settlement in mid-November.

The auto and steel-making industries are inextricably bound together. The GM settlement, already dubbed inflationary by the industry, may reach or exceed a two-billion dollar package, and will serve as a general guideline for steelworkers when they present their specific wage demands for 1971; appropriately the International Wage Policy Committee of the United Steelworkers of America was meeting in Pittsburgh as the UAW completed approval of the settlement following their two-month walkout. It came at a time when short work weeks, shutdowns and layoffs due to the auto strike had cut into as much as ten percent of the current 540,000 employed in basic steel.

Bethlehem Steel was forced to deny reports that it was going to lay off 10,000 at its Lackawanna, N. Y., facility and another 40,000 in a five-state area in the week after the election, yet the Lackawanna plant has already placed 4,800 on permanent layoff and closed down its hot-rolled sheet mill for a week. J&L, already plagued with conglomerate problems, announced that 8,000 would be laid off in its Pittsburgh and Cleveland plants. Republic Steel in Cleveland had 5,000 off or on short work weeks.

Managers complain about stacking steel "so high we don't have any place left to stack it." And yet stacked equally high and just as ominous are the unresolved grievances and festering complaints of the human beings who make steel, and whose unhappiness has produced a smoldering cauldron which has every promise of boiling over next summer. If it does, it will have enormous implications for the whole economy and can produce a climate which could affect the 1972 Presidential election (the last steel strike,



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coupled with an Eisenhower-era recession, preceded John F. Kennedy's election).

The pacesetters prior to the big steel pact expiration will be Steelworker agreements covering some 200,000 in the can industry, aluminum and nonferrous metals, all of which terminate on separate dates ranging from mid-February to the end of June. While the other industries have known comparative labor peace, the bitter eight-month copper strike of 1967-68 could have a replay next year as well. For in all four, the gut issue will be the up-against-the-negotiation-wall demand for 1971 won again by the UAW in the GM strike: complete protection against the effects of future increases in the cost of living. The cost of living "escalator" clause, given up by the Steelworkers in the aftermath of the 1959 strike, and not a wage package spread over a life of the contract, may be the battleground for next summer.

Traditionally, pre-negotiation rhetoric by the spokesmen for both industry and the steel union has been cool, allowing for the flexibility necessary for final agreements that directly affect some half-million workers, and indirectly many times that. Yet the opening volley from both sides has been anything but cool. At the Steelworkers' convention in Atlantic City last September, Union President I. W. Abel took what the labor scribes call a "militant" stance, warning the steel owners that "no corporation with which this union has a contract (should) have any doubt what we mean. In 1971 we will want another wage increase, but not just another wage increase, but a very substantial wage increase."

Abel, shattering some corporate hopes that as a "responsible" union leader he would recognize what they call "the facts of economic life," laid it on the line further and in the process also defused internal dissension in the ranks when he pledged to "serve solemn notice here and now on the American steel industry and on all the other industries for whom our members labor—the cost of living agreement which you took from us in 1959 will be restored to us in 1971."

Using the language of the drug world, the chief negotiator for the industry responded within a few weeks with the suggestion that steelworkers should instead "kick the habit" of inflation by participating in a "withdrawal process" of wage increase abstentions. Added R. Heath Larry, a U.S. Steel vice-president, "these trips are going to have to end . . . despite the pain of withdrawal symptoms." Needless to say, Mr. Larry did not suggest that corporate executives also shake the "habit" by foregoing salary increases or stock options.

The hard line drawn on both sides some six months before talks get underway may soften, but the state of the economy and the disinterest or inability of the Nixon Administration to combat unemployment and high interest rates does not suggest a change in the inflationary spiral. And because steelworkers as a group are convinced that they have been taken on the inflation ride far too long, the nation may yet see how a mixed segment of middle Americans, blacks and impatient young workers, can become radicalized. It should be recalled that the National Guard that rushed to Kent State had been called out not because of campus disorders, but because of an ugly strike by Ohio Teamsters who were also trying to play "catch up" with the living cost game.

The other intangible presence in the negotiating room next year will be the first appearance of conglomerates which have gobbled up two of the big ten since the last round of steel talks, Ling-Temco-Vought (J&L) and Lykes (Youngstown Sheet & Tube), parent corporations who are expected to have little experience or patience with something as mundane as bargaining with a union which represents the employees of other companies in their same investment sector. The same conglomerate-owned companies are also the most likely candidates to poor-mouth at the table, having the gravest of financial problems since their acquisition.

The 1968 billion-dollar contract, hailed by the Union as "the biggest and best ever," stunned many in the industry, but the "economic facts of life" soon translated it into questionable gains of worker buying-power, and the "biggest and best" soon became a festering source of steelworker antagonism. Few industry-watchers expect steelworkers to take anything less than auto's living cost escalator and two-billion-package. This fact above all points toward an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation in 1971 that could change the economic, social and political scene completely in the second half of the Nixon Administration's attempt to put it together.

JOE HILL

*(Joe Hill is the pseudonym of a journalist who specializes in labor affairs.)*

## Black Africans In White Prisons

One of the uglier features of South Africa's white minority regime is its attitude of official tolerance toward police assaults on non-white prisoners. These assaults rarely come to the public attention except in cases where the prisoner is actually killed, and even then the indulgent leniency of the courts is breathtaking.

Earlier this year, for example, a constable C.P. Marais appeared in court after the death of a 27-year-old African woman, Tryfina Kumalo, whom the constable had beaten with a length of hose pipe during



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interrogation. Evidence was that he had held the hose with both hands and repeatedly beaten the woman "with all of his might." Constable Marais was found guilty not of murder, nor of unintended homicide, but of assault, for which offense he was fined approximately four hundred dollars. Three hours later he was back on duty in the police force. His superior officer did make one mollifying concession: the constable's duties would no longer include the administering of corporal punishment, of which literally hundreds of thousands of strokes a year are imposed by the courts. (These same courts have for several years past sent to the gallows almost fifty percent of all those judicially executed in the entire world; they have also given South African blacks the highest per capita prison population on earth.)

The Marais case is entirely typical; it is in fact unknown for a white policeman to kill a non-white and be convicted of murder. Probably the most notorious of these cases involved a group of policemen who, in the course of interrogating an elderly mulatto man, Willie Smit, tortured him over a period of four days. Their techniques included hanging him upside down from a tree and beating him with rawhide whips. Finally, they tied his ankles to the bumper of one car and his arms to the bumper of another, and drove the two vehicles apart. Willie Smit died: the policemen were found guilty of assault.

Hideous cases such as these are profoundly disturbing, but they involve only the regular police forces in their investigations of ordinary criminal cases. Far more concern must arise in the cases of political prisoners held by the Security Police under the 180-day detention law or the indefinite detention provisions of the Terrorism Act. The former provision entitles any police officer to arrest any person and hold him for successive periods of 180 days—"for this side of eternity," according to Prime Minister Balthazzar Vorster, who framed the legislation. The Terrorism Act, so widely defined that even the slightest act of passive resistance can be viewed as "terrorism," has the same effect, except that the police are spared the inconvenience of briefly releasing their prisoners for a few seconds every six months. The situation of these prisoners is intolerable, for not only are the Security Police a law unto themselves, but the prisoners are completely beyond the reach of friends, family, press, lawyers, or courts. All are held at the pleasure of their captors without any charge being laid, and most are kept in solitary confinement for the duration of their detention (although the framers of the Geneva convention regard 30 days solitary confinement as the maximum any human being can be expected to stand). A new Official Secrets Act makes it illegal to publish unauthorized information on "police matters," and frequently suspects are detained without anyone being aware of what has become of them. Last August, to take one instance, it finally emerged that a Mr. Benjamin Ramotse has been in detention since July 1968 —a man vanished for over two years into South Africa's internationally notorious prisons without charge or conviction, and without anyone being any the wiser.

Evidence from political trials and from released prisoners points overwhelmingly to a widespread and vindictive maltreatment of political prisoners, particularly during interrogation. Apart from the traditional beatings, it seems that two newer methods of extracting information are being employed. The first involves the application of electric shocks to the limbs and genitals —a highly effective method, but one which can cause death through cardiac arrest. The second method involves near-suffocation, either by putting a plastic bag over the prisoner's head or by hanging him by the neck; the prisoner is revived at the point of asphyxiation. Again, the dangers are obvious.

A careful piecing-together of such information as has so far become available reveals that at the very least fourteen political detainees have died in prison under singularly suspicious circumstances. There are probably many more.

The Cape Moslem leader, Imam Abdullah Haron, died on September 27 last year after four months in detention. The Security Police told an inquest that he had slipped and fallen. A post-mortem showed that he had at least 26 separate bruises on his body, spread over a wide area, and with some of them older than others. The magistrate found he had died of injuries partly caused by a fall.

### *Sudden Death*

If the Security Police are to be believed, dying after a fall is a common hazard facing prisoners in their charge. Mr. Nicodimus Kgoathe died in a hospital on February 2 last year after being held since 7 November of 1968. Police spokesmen said he had fallen while taking a shower. The doctor who admitted him to the hospital testified at an inquest that the man had complained of being assaulted and that his own examination tended to confirm this: the man had multiple linear marks on his shoulders and a number of U-shaped wounds and abrasions over his body. The magistrate concluded that no one was to blame. Another detainee, Mr. Simon Modipane, died approximately three days after his detention on Febuary 25 last year. A police spokesman said he had sustained "certain injuries" when he slipped on a piece of soap. There was no inquest and a magistrate endorsed a report that the man had died of "natural causes."

"Natural causes" have claimed the lives of at least two other detainees. A Mr. Jacob Monnakgotla, according to evidence in a political trial last year, died of



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"natural causes" the day before his trial was to begin, allegedly from a heart attack. Mr. Caleb Mayesiko, according to the Minister of Police, died of "natural causes" eighteen days after his detention under the Terrorism Act on May 13 last year. The minister declined to give further information. Both men, according to relatives and friends, were in perfect health before their detention.

One prisoner who clearly did die by falling was Mr. Suliman Saloojee, who fell seven floors from the Security Police headquarters in Johannesburg in broad daylight, some two months after his detention. At the inquest the Security Police refused to answer a series of questions. The magistrate found that the man had died of multiple injuries from a fall during interrogation.

The greatest single cause of death amongst those detainees on whom information is available is, allegedly, suicide. Mr. Michael Shivute, according to the Minister of Police, died by suicide on June 16 last year, the night of his detention. The Minister would give no further information. Mr. J. B. Tubakwe died the day after his detention under the 180-day law; an inquest returned a verdict of suicide by hanging. Mr. Ah Yin was detained on an unknown date and according to the police was found hanging from socks tied to a water pipe in a shower. The inquest verdict was suicide by hanging. Mr. Leong Yum Pin was alleged to have died by hanging after three days in detention; the inquest found suicide by hanging. Mr. James Hamakwayo was alleged to have committed suicide by hanging after an unknown period in detention; information on his death emerged only in the course of evidence at another trial.

In two cases of alleged suicide by hanging, facts other than the police version emerged, thanks to the determination of the relatives of the dead men. Mr. James Lenkoe was allegedly found hanging by a belt from the window of his cell on March 10 last year, five days after his detention. In a post-mortem, the prison surgeon found that death was due to hanging, and there the matter would normally have ended. Mr. Lenkoe's brother, however, succeeded in having a second post-mortem conducted by a further two doctors. At the inquest it emerged from the second post-mortem that the dead man had a wound in the toe and that this wound contained traces of copper. Three leading pathologists, one of them brought specially from the United States, testified that the wound was consistent with burns from a very recent electric shock. The magistrate refused to hear evidence on the use of shocks from other prisoners, and concluded that the cause of death was hanging, self-inflicted.

Mr. Looksmart Solwandle Ngudle died after three weeks in detention, after allegedly hanging himself by a pajama cord in a police cell. His wife was informed of the death and went to the prison to make arrangements for the collection of the body. Officials refused to allow her to see it and subsequently claimed that it had been buried immediately, even before the man's wife had been informed. Convinced that her husband would never have committed suicide, she went to great lengths to have the body exhumed for a post-motem examination, but these efforts were strenuously and successfully opposed by the police. A magistrate who had seen the man in prison admitted that he had complained of police assaults, but the inquest finding was suicide by hanging, with no blame attaching to anyone.

Finally, an unknown man died on an unknown date, after an unknown period of detention, of cause unknown. His death was casually disclosed without detail in the South African Parliament. How many others there have been like him it is impossible to say; estimates of the number of political suspects in Mr. Vorster's prisons run from a few hundred to several thousands. No one knows who is detained; it is an offense to publish information on detainees; and it is only through an occasional trial, inquest or quite fortuitous circumstances that any facts on them emerge at all.

There are many beastly regimes at large in the world today, but even in the company of Brazil, Greece, Haiti, and their ilk, South Africa stands preeminent for its callous inhumanities and almost psychotic racism. For too long the energies of those concerned with racial justice in the United States have been focused elsewhere, and the behavior of the South African government has not received the attention it merits—even though a racial conflagration with international implications is brewing furiously in the whole of Southern Africa as a result of the policy of *apartheid* and the methods used to enforce it.

Perhaps, too, there is a lesson for the United States in the slow perversion of the rule of law in South Africa over the past two decades. Preventive detention is a dangerous principle. South Africa first embarked on this course with the 90-day detention law, as an emergency, temporary measure. Next came the 180-day detention law, and finally the indefinite detention provisions of the Terrorism Act—and even these were originally justified in the South African parliament as being "for the protection of witnesses." Today these laws are used indiscriminately as an instrument for punishment, intimidation and outright repression. The route from minor abrogations of the rule of law occasioned by "special circumstances," to the wholesale creation of a police state, can be a short and rapid one.

IAN ROBERTSON & PHILLIP WHITTEN

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# RULES FOR INTELLECTUAL EXPERTS

**PETER STEINFELS**

IN TERMS OF keeping track of our intellectuals, the United States has fallen sadly behind, say, a nation like the Soviet Union. In recent months there have been signs that the situation will be remedied. But we still have need of a vast increase in the number of experts on the subject. It is not true that becoming such an expert requires long and arduous study. Even a brief survey of recent controversies reveals that the aspiring student must only master a limited number of Well-Established Truths:

1. Unanimity of Intellectuals: *All intellectuals think alike.* For example, it is a self-evident fact that the editors of the *New York Times, Atlantic,* the *Village Voice,* the *New York Review of Books, Evergreen Review, The New Republic, Ramparts, Christianity and Crisis, Newsweek, I. F. Stone's Newsletter, Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* etc., etc., hold the same views on every important subject. Those views can be fairly ascertained by culling out the farthest left, most superficial, exaggerated, and inflammatory statements to be found in any of these publications.

2. Power of Intellectuals: *The intellectuals control the media.* Best-selling books and movies, television, newspapers, and radio stations throughout the nation overwhelmingly reflect the outlook of the liberal intelligentsia. It is not necessary actually to sample the media and/or the intelligentsia's opinions on them to know if this is true. In fact, it is better not to.

3. Criticism of the Intellectuals: *No one criticizes the intellectuals.* Despite considerable influence and readership, publications regularly featuring adverse comments on the political engagements of intellectuals (*Commentary, Encounter, The New Leader, The Public Interest, New York Times Sunday Magazine*) are brave and lonely voices crying in the wilderness. All critics of intellectuals are, in fact, brave and lonely voices crying in the wilderness. No matter how many of them are.

4. History of Intellectuals: *It is an historic fact that all bad revolutions, Stalinism, Nazism, etc., were caused by intellectuals.* All good revolutions (i.e., our own) and other steps in human progress were caused by non-intellectuals. Intellectuals are always fanatics; non-intellectuals never are. Historians who have looked into these matters may not agree, but they are intellectuals. What do they know?

5. Sociology of Intellectuals: *Intellectuals are rich, live on the Upper West Side of New York, and spend most of their time at cocktail parties, where they entertain Black Panthers and talk eagerly of the coming repression.* Intellectuals, if they work at all, never work with non-intellectuals. None of their friends, parents, relatives, children, employers, employees, or pets is a non-intellectual. Intellectuals are completely isolated.

6. Psychology of Intellectuals: *Intellectuals get involved in politics because they are (a) bored; (b) guilt-ridden; (c) threatened by their recent loss in status; (d) carried away by their recent gain in status (e) resentful of non-intellectuals' holding power; (f) inherently perverse.* Non-intellectuals get involved in politics solely out of a modest desire to make the human lot more endurable. Non-intellectuals are never bored, guilty, insecure, ambitious, resentful, or neurotic. Also they never go to cocktail parties.

There are Well-Established Truths about intellectuals (see the index of any authoritative study under "Communists, Soft on," "Pornography, Love for," and "Hook, Wisdom of, Sydney"); but these will do for starters. The neophyte expert, however, may be more in need of practical tips. Here are a few:

1. Always mention the *New York Review of Books* and the *New Yorker.* It is not necessary to read them but only to remember two facts: At the time of the Newark riots (1967), the former publication printed a diagram of a Molotov cocktail. The latter publication runs ads for luxury goods and is read by suburbanites. Everything printed in both magazines is thereby discredited.

2. Whenever possible, imply that intellectuals are sexually excited by violence and social turmoil. This is due to their well-known drab lives and sexual impotence. Do not, however, imitate Lewis Feuer, who suggested that older supporters of student movements are motivated by homosexual impulses; that is Going Too Far. Be subtle. Use innuendo.

3. Remember that repression is always the intellectuals' own fault. Not only do they provoke it, but, if we are to believe the distinguished sociologist Andrew M. Greeley, they love it: "intellectual elites," he wrote recently, "take secret pleasure in the fantasy of Slavic stormtroopers pounding on their doors." This Truth is not only Well-Established, it is Ancient. In 1898, after Zola was convicted for his part in the Dreyfus affair, the Premier of France made his most successful speech before Parliament, by attacking "the Jews and that intellectual elite which seems to enjoy poisoning the atmosphere and inciting bloody hatred." Such references to Jews are no longer considered in good taste. "Black militants" or "anti-war activists" should be substituted.

4. Bad words to use when discussing intellectuals: "gutless," "fuzzy-minded," "snobs," "un-American," "impractical," "ivory-tower," "egg-head," "pinko."

5. Good words to use when discussing intellectuals: "middle-aged," "romantic," "fashionable," "George Plimpton," "apocalyptic," "elitist," "pornopolitics," "self-righteous," "pseudo-" "martinis," "self-hating," "messianic," "chic," "ideological."

6. Above all, avoid clichés.



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# THE HEALTH CRISIS

## THE INSTITUTIONAL MESS IN HEALTH CARE COULD WELL BE THE SILENT MAJORITY'S BIGGEST DISENCHANTMENT

**EDWARD T. CHASE**

Unless the nation's health care system is improved, a "massive crisis" was predicted in the Carnegie Commission's recent report on medical education and also last fall, as it has been every season I can recall. The particular prediction of last fall that I refer to warned of "a breakdown in the delivery of health care unless immediate concerted action is taken." This particular warning of course did not come from effete, anti-establishment "bums," much less from doomsayers of the counter culture or Woodstock Nation. They couldn't care less about ameliorative specifics; out with the whole bloody society. The warning came from President Richard M. Nixon.

Now from his earliest days in Congress, Nixon has assiduously identified himself with the position of the American Medical Association, most notably in their quarter-century delaying action against medical care for the aged under Social Security, so something odd must be up. Indeed it is: for nowadays even the AMA cannot disguise the fact that improvements in the distribution of health services are absolutely imperative. The AMA is peddling a new method of financing, its so-called "Medicredit" proposal that is an attempt to keep the system within the control of the doctors and the private insurance industry. And of course acknowledgment of crisis is the best tactic to pre-empt the issue and absorb its critics. It is a tactic Nixon likes to practice, as witness his attempted assumption of the environmental pollution issue.

In any event, the United States' inferior record in infant mortality (21st rank), longevity (31st rank) and other key health indices can't be talked away. They substantiate that something is very wrong. Yet this kind of abstract statistical evidence is as nothing compared with people's personal experience today—the incredible costs of hospitalization, up 82 percent in the past five years, five times the increase in the cost of living; the unavailability or shortshrift treatment of over-busy doctors, creating virtual crisis conditions in both rural and urban slum areas, like the South Bronx, where there are 100 doctors for 350,000 people. As the Carnegie Commission notes, "The United States today faces only one serious manpower shortage, and that is health care personnel."

Can this miserable status quo persist indefinitely? No. "It is a virtual guarantee that we (the American medical profession) will have governmental controls slapped on us and that we will be handed lock, stock and barrel over to the central government," says Dr. John H. Knowles, director of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the man the AMA persuaded Nixon to drop. He asks for a middle way between "laissez-faire, free market" medicine on the one hand, and government control on the other. Last spring, in an address before cancer experts, Vice President Agnew expressed the same sentiments, which suggests how un-radical a proposition this now is. Fact is that the government share of each dollar spent on medical care is already 37¢.

What is really wrong and what are the solutions? What is wrong is not lack of money—Americans spend more on health care than any other nation, 60.3 billion, nearly 7 percent of the GNP (1969) vs. only 4 percent forty years ago—nor inferior doctors nor faltering medical technology. Health expenditures (except for research) have multiplied, doctors are better trained and medical technology is wondrous. Infectious disease is no longer ever epidemic. Polio and smallpox have been mastered and soon measles, mumps and rheumatic fever will be. Open-heart surgery, kidney and cornea transplants are commonplace. What is wrong is the inadequacy of the system by which medical care is delivered. It is an obsolescent "system" whose shortcomings are accentuated by a doctor shortage which will not be overcome for decades. Indeed it is safe to say that among America's faltering institutions, the health care system is as close as any to that degree of failure that precipitates revolution. The Carnegie Commission points out that matters are rapidly

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*worsening,* that "in fact in comparison with other nations we are losing. Better health care is clearly a national priority."

Now this should not be exactly news. So, does anyone really care? I have written a score of articles about aspects of this problem for over a decade and I sometimes wonder. Yet today things are worse, one has to care, and there are at last stirrings in high places. After all, our dismay is over *premature death* and *disability*. It is over *unnecessary sufferings* and *poverty*. And above all it is over the *disgraceful discrepancy between what modern scientific health care can be and what it is*. Underlying all this the issue is whether the people will tolerate the hegemony of laissez-faire market economics in an area where its applications create cruel hardship and its irrationalities reflect adversely on our whole social order. If the Vietnam war and racial injustice are the principal spurs to the young to cop out, the institutional mess in health care could well be the silent majority's biggest disenchantment.

### *Toward a Solution*

One begins to formulate a solution to the problem with the recognition, noted earlier, of a presently irremediable basic shortage of doctors, of which we have some 275,000 in active practice (about 135 per 100,000 of population). The shortage is on the order of 50,000 doctors, and, with respect to doctors in direct care of the patient, there has been a decline in the past 20 years by 1/3 in relation to the population. Not only is the shortage compounded by geographical maldistribution. The shortage also results in giving doctors total bargaining leverage vis-à-vis the consumer, the hospitals, the government. What accentuates the shortage to an intolerable degree is that 88 percent of all physicians are solo practitioners, that is, individual entrepreneurs doing piece-work on a fee-for-service basis. They also work out of private offices with sky-high overheads because of the wasteful duplication of expensive equipment.

Now to impose compulsory national health insurance on this costly non-system would be disastrous—essential though national health insurance is in the long run. Already such a bill is in the hopper: H.R. 15779, Griffiths, Dem., Mich., and recently we have seen Senator Edward Kennedy and a group of powerful Senatorial colleagues commit themselves to national health insurance as their priority domestic concern. Our only existing form of national governmental health insurance—Medicare—is in grave disarray, with costs grossly exceeding actuarial estimates, chiefly because of skyrocketing hospital costs but also because of a more than doubling of the rate of increase of doctors' fees once the Medicare gravy train arrived. As virtually every medical economist and writer, myself included, has argued for many years now against the bitter opposition of organized medicine, the single major antidote is to develop prepaid group practice. To date, only some five million Americans are served by this system, most notably the two million subscribers of the Kaiser-Permanente plan.

Let me remind you about this plan. It was begun before World War II, expanded rapidly during the war and now operates through 51 clinics and 22 hospitals in California, Oregon, Washington and Hawaii and in Cleveland and Denver. What it offers is first-class comprehensive care, preventative, systematic care, not episodic curative care. It costs the enrollee about two-thirds the cost of comparable care elsewhere, or about $100 yearly on the basis of a fixed monthly premium. The 2,000 physicians enrolled are organized as autonomous partnerships. Instead of being paid by fee for piecework, they are compensated from the total health-plan income on a salaried basis. These group practices consist of teams of specialists so balanced that comprehensive care can be rendered. Emphasis is on prevention, on "health," not on cure. The incentive is to *reduce* hospitalization, *reduce* the need for treatment, the very opposite of the traditional fee-for-service system. Periodic physical examination is at the core of this system, catching problems before they worsen.

The results are improved efficiency and productivity per physician, better personal and family care, a consequent overall economy in health care expenses, a rational system that is happier for both the doctors and the patients. It is a system that can effectively incorporate the remarkable new medical technology that solo practice cannot. And it is the only system that can absorb the massive increase in the utilization of services that would result from the creation of compulsory national health insurance. Bear in mind that over 25 million Americans have no health insurance whatsoever today. That Medicare pays *less than half* of the health costs of those over 65. That over *one-third* of all Americans who have some health insurance are *not* covered for medical services received in the doctor's office.

A point that warrants emphasis is that the skyrocketing costs for health care derive above all from hospitalization, 70 percent of which is estimated to be unnecessary. Prepaid group plans like the Kaiser plan reduce hospitalization by at least 20 percent, an enormous saving if attainable on anything like a national scale. A shift from hospitalization to ambulatory diagnostic and therapeutic services is a vital necessity if we are to prevent costs from going hopelessly high.

I can close on a surprising withal mildly encouraging note. The years of pressure for prepaid group practice by medical economists and writers and liberal physicians may have finally begun to pay off. Wonder



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of wonders, the Undersecretary of HEW, John J. Veneman, has announced that the Nixon Administration is seeking to prepare enabling legislation to help finance the creation of prepaid group practice plans for the 30 million persons enrolled in Medicare and Medicaid. This represents a sea change in official attitude and a veritable revolution in a conservative Republican Administration. I was astonished at the time at the press indifference to this radical change of direction. What happened was that its full significance had simply not registered. But belatedly the *New York Times* did respond editorially, commenting:

> Presumably the Nixon Administration has looked at the cost of financing preventive services without prepaid group care and decided it was too expensive. If so, the figures and reasoning involved should be made public.
> But it is a great advance that the Administration is now on record as favoring a radical shift in medical care organization for millions of Americans in an era when good medical care is increasingly a matter of team, not solo, performance.

It just might signify the beginning of a new era in the U.S. health care system, not a minute too soon. Apparently the public exhaustion over the health care issue that followed the generation-long fight for Medicare has now run its course. Today we are seeing a renewed surge for reform. It could bring American health care to an altogether new level of effectiveness. *Prepaid group practice is the necessary keystone.* It must in time include training and use of new allied health professionals, expansion and reform of medical schools along the lines of the Carnegie Commission report, increasing medical students by 50 percent and reducing training from eight to six years—and, finally, universal national health insurance.

But prepaid group practice *first.* For as the Carnegie Commission states, "The present crisis in health care will appear to be a mere ripple in comparison with the mounting waves of problems to be faced when financial barriers to health care are lowered." With a reorganized delivery system, we can successfully undertake a universal insurance scheme that would then prove to be truly revolutionary in upgrading both our standard of living and our standard of life.

# THE GREENING OF A CON-III-MAN

ALONG THE EDGES OF CONSCIOUSNESS III IS AN UNSURPASSED TALENT FOR THE HUSTLING SO TYPICAL OF AMERICA'S UNDERBELLY

**MICHAEL NOVAK**

In 1954, a junior in college, I was struck by a sentence of Maritain's predicting that, despite pragmatism, questions of ethics would be foremost in America's intellectual consciousness in the coming generation. That sentence has been important in key decisions of my life. Recently, I went looking to recover that sentence, and failed. I remembered that Maritain's marvelous Terry Lectures at Yale in 1943 had many anticipations of the "greening of America" now discerned at Yale by Charles Reich, professor of law. [*The Greening of America, How the Youth Revolution is Trying to Make America Livable,* Random House, $7.95]

There are, for example, in *Education at the Crossroads,* sentences like the following: "A special danger is now to be mentioned, I mean the danger of an education which would aim, not at making man truly human, but making him merely into an organ of a technocratic society." (p. 113) And again:

> What are we fighting for, 'if the only thing human reason can do is to measure and manage better? If we have no means of determining what freedom, justice, spirit, human personality, and human dignity consist of, and why they are worthy of our dying for them, then we are fighting and dying only for words. If we and the youth who will be educated by future democracies hold everything that is not calculable or workable to be only a matter of myth, and believe only in a technocratic world, then we can indeed conquer Nazi Germany militarily and technically, but we ourselves shall have been conquered morally by Nazi Germany.

For the preface to Fascism and Nazism is a thorough disregard of the spiritual dignity of man,

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and the assumption that merely material or biological standards rule human life and morality. Thereafter, since man cannot do without some loving adoration, the monstrous adoration of the totalitarian Leviathan will have its day. Technology is good, as a means for the human spirit and for human ends. But technocracy, that is to say technology so understood and so worshiped as to exclude any superior wisdom and any other understanding than that of calculable phenomena, leaves in human life nothing but relationships of force, or at best those of pleasure, and necessarily ends up in a philosophy of domination.

A techno*cratic* society is but a totalitarian one. But a techno*logical* society may be democratic, provided this society is quickened by an inspiration which is supra-technological, and if it recognizes, with Bergson, that "the body, now larger, calls for a bigger soul," and that "the mechanical" summons up "the mystical." (pp. 114-115)

Maritain prepared many of us for the radical, anti-liberal turn in American politics in recent years. He pointed us—from within the Thomistic context in which our minds first tested themselves—toward the possibilities and benefits of American naturalism and pragmatism; but he also exposed the too-weak foundations of democratic liberalism. In the years that intervened between 1950 (when I first discovered, with joy, the spirit of Maritain) and 1970, like many others, I departed in many ways from Maritain's horizon. I like to think that there has been an inner fidelity, however, to the intentional thrust he gave us now so long ago.

Such reflections are constantly forced upon me when I try to reflect on why I find the ending of the liberal era exhilarating, but also find the radical movement woefully superficial. Perhaps many others today experience a similar solitude. Too little, in any case, is written about the real solitude in which so many in our profession labor today—a solitude not assuaged by frequent trips by air and auto, to conferences, symposia, and editorial meetings.

Charles Reich's valuable book is of a genre familiar to Catholics. It is a record of a conversion, a set of reflections set in train by Reich's "change of consciousness" in the summer of 1967 in the hot, clear California sun in Berkeley. It is not only a conversion book. It is also a new convert's program for missionary activity—how to carry the new consciousness to "workers and older people." (Chapter X). It is, finally, a pastoral book: full of the warm, optimistic concern of a priestly man for his newly discovered *pusillus grex,* his weak, lamb-like flock so sorely set up upon by the age.

And yet again, it is the record of a conversion *from* a form of consciousness quite clearly limited, described and set forth—liberal, meritocratic, pragmatic. The heart of Reich's book is a description of three kinds of consciousness in American life, and a mythic construction which he calls the Corporate State. First, there are the three consciousnesses. ("Consciousness," because "reason" is too narrow a word for what is at stake. The shift to "consciousness" from "reason" is what will distinguish the political ethic of our generation from that of, say, Niebuhr and Bennett, Lippmann and Morgenthau.)

Consciousness I is related to pre-Industrial America: its individualism, its sense of human corruptibility and its commitment to "character" and hard work. Consciousness II is related to the new technologies of the planned economy, its sense of human rationality and its commitment to expertise, excellence, a system of merit, and professionalization. Consciousness III is related to the new age of affluence, its sense of human fragility, but also its commitment to "the promise"—the promise of human technology, human goodness, and human possibility. "From the pre-industrial age it can take the integration and balance of life, the sense of God in everything. From the industrial era it can take technology and the steady rise to a higher level of life. From its own age, it can take the control and use of technology, and the way of life of satisfaction, community, and love, a way of life that aspires higher and higher, without forgetting its human source. . . . And it will do so within a society that makes the Judeo-Christian ethic not merely an ignored command, but a realistic way of life." (p. 390)

The general scheme suggests the developments Maritain foretold. Yet it is remarkable that none of the three forms of consciousness quite expresses the form of consciousness ordinarily familiar to Catholics. Reich's prose in the description of Consciousness I is wooden, as if he is describing something of which he has no inner experience—only what he has gleaned from newspaper accounts and fleeting encounters. By contrast, strong emotions surge beneath his prose when he describes Consciousness II—particularly in its academic settings, its dryness, its fierce competitiveness, its controlled good taste, its well-planned summers in interesting and cosmopolitan environments. His story is a story of a journey from II to III.

It is a story proper to an American elite. "The new generation, who ardently desire social change, are largely members of America's affluent ruling class." (p. 308)



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Reich's perception, here, is perhaps led into exaggeration by his viewpoint from Yale. Many members of America's lower classes—Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant—are also prominent in the counter-culture. Not all share Reich's relationship to Consciousness II. Reich seems related to it as "insider" (a "fallen-away liberal"), but many in Consciousness III are related to Consciousness II through the resentment, envy, or merely ignorance of outsiders.

Feelings in Consciousness III run very high. Sympathetically, one can describe the movement as affirmative, for love and community and openness and swift acceptance. But one must also account for furious resentments, suddenly flashing rage, and the unquenchable hatred that also characterize almost everyone in Consciousness III in certain characteristic situations. Consciousness III is known for its gentleness at Woodstock, but also for its furies and obscenities and irrational eruptions.

Reich is careful to point out all the deficiencies of Consciousness I and Consciousness II; and he often draws into their delineation elements that those who live in such forms of consciousness would describe as fallings away from their own ideals. When he describes Consciousness III, he is kind, gentle and relentlessly concentrated upon its ideal form. The result is that we get one ideal type pitted against two types in which actualities are also included.

Moreover, the three types are fitted into an evolutionary scheme of such a sort that normative force is brought to bear upon the reader: You *ought* to share in Consciousness III. It is more advanced, more humane, more practical, more free, more moral, more pleasant, etc. The clear implication of immorality, obsolescence, and irrelevance is laid against persons not sharing Consciousness III. Beware of those who claim to belong to Higher Types! Sectarianism, emphasis on ideological purity, intolerance, and endemic restlessness are suppressed in Reich's description of Consciousness III, but latent in what he describes. He fails to note chronic symptoms of dependency and infantilism that often appear.

Consciousness III, in fact, is already being surpassed. Reich realizes the tentativeness of what he describes and tries to make a virtue of it by calling it a form of "openness" and risk. One might just as accurately call it superficiality. Whoever lives by impulse, instinct and feeling necessarily 'blows as the wind blows, yes and is mobile.' Consciousness III describes as "authentic existence" fidelity to one's dominant emotion of the moment. It resists loyalty, long-term commitments, promises and obligations. (p. 228) To an extent, this definition is a form of self-defense temporarily necessary for many, in the most disciplined, hurried, and closely tracked generation in history; but one ought not to forget that it is also the definition of fickleness.

Consciousness III is being surpassed because it encounters realities for which it is not prepared. One can give all for Bobby Seale, but the sordidness of the underworld of Black Pantherdom cannot, finally, be idealized away. And all along the edges (and not only on the edges) of those who share Consciousness III are rapacity; an unsurpassed talent for the hustling and con-artistry so typical of America's underbelly; madness; depression; an incapacity for sustained human relations; fits of rage; murder; and even cannibalism. "There are no 'tough guys' among the youth of Consciousness III." Reich limits himself in describing Consciousness III to its most faithful, in their most demonstrative acts of generosity. He even excludes the more politically oriented; he excludes motorcycle boys, beach rats, and groups like the Manson gang. His is an elitist description, biased not only by class but by taste and orientation.

### *Indescribable Anger*

Consciousness III derives its primal emotions, Reich well notes, from an indescribable anger. "A key word in understanding its origin is *betrayal.*" To the young "the discrepancy between what could be and what is, is overwhelming; perhaps it is the greatest single fact of their existence. . . . They feel the betrayal in excruciatingly personal terms." (p. 220) One *could* say that they were brought up by parents who valued them as persons, treated them more reasonably, prized their individuality, and protected them from disease, chaos, and pain more thoroughly than any generation in history —by parents, also, who were children of the Enlightenment, and believed in Reason, Progress, and human goodness. As Kurt Vonnegut puts it in *Mother Night,* the toys they played with did not teach them nearly enough about the aggressiveness, skepticism and hostility necessary for survival on earth.

" . . . The young radicals show a *continuity* of ideals from childhood on; they simply stayed with them while their parents failed to." (p. 221) In a word, the children repeat the illusions of the parents. No more than their parents have they attained a tragic view of life. They remain optimistic, innocent, Adamic Americans to the end. And thus they prepare yet another cycle of American irrationality and violence. For the truly overwhelming innocence and optimism of Americans, which Reich shares to a breathtaking degree, cannot easily sustain the inevitable defeats and stringently limited victories which life, in fact, allows. It is no assertion of Consciousness I merely, or of Consciousness II, that life is tragic: it is the overwhelming conviction of the entire human race, learned in immense travail, bloodshed and irrationality through every generation, including our own.

Lacking a sense of tragedy, Americans of whatever



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consciousness expect too much from life. "Given an abundance of material goods," Reich writes, believing like Richard Nixon in the goodness of the American heart, "the possibilities of a human community are finally made real, for it is now possible to believe in the goodness of man." (p. 354) We are all of us, in our most American moments, Gatsby's, Thomas Wolfe's, Walt Whitman's pursuing far-off lights, tunnels, secret doors. We believe, in our unguarded moments, in an earthly paradise. And with each devastating human lesson—the massacre of the Indians, the incomparably bloody Civil War, the sustained brutalization of black consciousness, Prohibition and organized crime, pollution, Vietnam, the terror-bombing of America—we turn aside from the obvious conclusion. "Up ahead," we say, "if only we begin again, become once more as little children." Pursuing paradise, Americans in every generation have intensified the fires of their own peculiar hell.

The breaking of the cycle will not come through yet one more springtime of old illusions which, as surely as the others, aims at violence. The breaking of the cycle is a recognition of brokenness, of only partial victory, of the inevitability of betrayal, of the untrustworthiness of everything human. These are not Calvinistic or even Christian admonitions. They are the deepest convictions of Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems, Aztecs—in a word, of the entire human race. "Life," Buddha says, "is suffering." Americans are mad. The greening of that little light of illusion up ahead is not a hopeful sign; it is a sign of blood.

Consciousness III expects far too much of life, of institutions, of their parents, of themselves. The illusion of human perfectibility only prepares an ultimate sense of guilt. Thus Reich invents a myth duly capitalized as "The Corporate State" which serves as a projection of all that ails us. *We* are good. Only the power of the State prevents us, due to cultural lag, from being what we could be. Much that he has to say about the Corporate State is descriptive of something new, as Galbraith argued in *The New Industrial State*. But much of it could also be said of human arrangements at any time in human history. Reich consistently writes as if there were, some time earlier, before now, a *better* time. His essential vision is that "the human condition, if that is what it is, has been getting steadily worse in the Corporate State." (p. 220) His image is *downhill,* just as the images of Consciousness I and II were "Everything is looking *up.*"

The two images cry out to each other as abyss to abyss. Life is indeed a pilgrimage. But "better" or "worse"? How shall these be measured? Perhaps for certain elites, life in America in 1970 is worse than in 1870. Many other families can only marvel at the opportunities, the liberty and the possibility they have by comparison with what their grandfathers had. And, on the other hand, who is to say that the ordinary Angeleno of 1970 is a better man than his predecessor of 1870 in California's hardy days?

The evidence Reich submits for the heretofore unperceived encroachments of a Corporate State—in which economics, politics, and culture itself are so closely interlocked as to be more unified than ever—is so loose as to be capable of many mythical interpretations. There are some hoary Catholic sages who have long argued that life has been going downhill since the 13th century. (Reich, in fact, offers unprecedented consolation to those accustomed to hearing from American scholars only a pejorative use of "medieval.")

One might argue that the myth of "Progress" is untenable. For every advance a price is paid. For technology, we pay the price of the rationalization of life. For science, we pay the price of a world of prediction and control. For enlightenment, we pay the price of alienation from our emotions, from our bodies, and from one another. For protection from disease, the ravages of nature, and poverty, we pay the price of vulnerability to our own irrationality. Men in the middle ages feared famine, storm and plague; we fear riot, warfare, pollution, self-destruction. Those who believe in an earthly paradise heap guilt upon men for not attaining it; for secularization, too, we have paid a price in the source of guilt.

Reich gives many fresh insights into the American cultural situation, which only a lawyer could have contributed: that the new form of property is not land nor ownership, but status and privilege and license; that law has replaced money as the medium which enables act and power and functioning. But just where he might follow these insights with specific diagnosis and specific invention of new social controls, he falls silent. He adopts the mood of evasion. He points to Vietnam, the election of 1968, and the unchallenged development of chemical Mace as critical examples ending all possibility of ordinary political discussion. His appeal to "change consciousness first" sounds far too like Billy Graham—only more dangerously so. If our brilliant elites neglect changing laws in order to concentrate on "changing hearts and minds," whence will political creativity come?

Politics is not merely a matter of helping a "system" to keep moving. Politics is also a vocation to invent new systems, and constantly to be reshaping as large and basic a part of systems as human ingenuity can reach. Power does come from the barrel of symbols (as *The Experience of Nothingness* puts it). But Reich goes too far when he asserts that "consciousness is prior to structure." (p. 334). In some ways it is: inventive and restless spirits set in motion new inventions and currents of expectation which ultimately become institutionalized. In other ways it isn't: structures in their emerging and in their breaking down stimulate persons to restlessness, inquiry, striving. Thus, for example, the technology gen-



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erated by the Second World War altered the environment in which Consciousness II found, at first, its verification and eventually its limitations; and in which Consciousness III, without yet knowing whither or why, has become extraordinarily ill at ease.

We are called upon to invent new procedures, new methods, new professions, new directions for affectivity and striving and inquiry. The task is not merely one of placing "a supreme value on the development of consciousness, sensitivity, experience, knowledge." (p. 336). Decadent elites have frequently done that. The task is also one of inventing political forms, not always *de novo,* like some Venus appearing from the sea, but with whatever material, in whatever way, we have at hand. The politically wise love the real, the concrete, the here and now, not for its own sake but as the touchstone against illusion.

The war in Vietnam, the election of 1968, and the unsupervised and unexamined use of Mace do not in fact prove what the easily discouraged too easily conclude from them. It is not only "the system" that failed. It failed in precise ways, at precise places. And *we the people* failed, collectively, and in all our associated sub-groups. Those who could have avoided or ended the war in Vietnam most directly (Johnson, Rusk, Rostow *et al*) were emotionally and by moral conviction committed to the prosecution of the war. The peace movement, which made startling and rapid political progress, committed egregious mistakes in alienating potential political allies. The failure was political, not mystical or moral.

Similarly with the election of 1968. Robert Kennedy understood the political problem of convincing the delegates and not merely the electorate. It is not, I think, a poor political system, but a sound one, which interposes representatives between the people and their popular sentiment at any time. To his credit, Lyndon Johnson did not pull out all the stops of jingoism available to him to create war fever in the electorate; some, yes, but not all. And Eugene McCarthy and others did not do a good enough job in getting to the delegates more persuasively than Humphrey. We, of our generation, having a potential popular majority, lacked the competence to forge a political instrument of our will. To blame our stars rather than ourselves is understandable, but not admirable.

The election of 1968 showed only that emotions and amateurishness exceeded our capacity for strategy, concentration and coolness. We failed. Will we do the same in 1972? And 1976? And then blame it again on "the system"? With a very poor and uncharismatic personality, and with only a minority of popular support, Richard Nixon defeated us by sheer competence. We have to be better than he is, and so far we aren't. Better not only at gaining power (although that's what makes a "system" move in a direction) but also at diagnosis and concrete political creation. We must *invent* a new system step by step.

One key to our failure lies in the huge perceptual gap that separates us from the American people and especially from the worker. Our fantasies—seldom plainer than in that abominable and meretricious film *Joe*—are vile. Thus Reich, himself, urging us to be more *generous* in our attitudes toward the plumbers, gas station attendants and truck drivers around us:

> Look again at a "fascist"—tight-lipped, tense, crew cut, correctly dressed, church-going, an American flag on his car window, a hostile eye for communists, youth, and blacks. He has had very little of love, or poetry, or music, or nature, or joy. He has been dominated by fear. He has been condemned to narrow-minded prejudice, to a self-defeating materialism, to a lonely suspicion of his fellow men. He is angry, envious, bitter, self-hating. He ravages his own environment. He has fled all his life from consciousness and responsibility. He is turned against his own nature; in his agony he has recoiled upon himself. He is what the machine left after it had its way.

The margins of my book carry an anguished *EEE!* at the ignorance displayed by this passage—and not a few others.

In a word, Consciousness III is not salvation. It is not heaven on earth. It is another place in the pilgrimage of some, a stage along the way: innocent and dangerous, full of the blooming seeds of its own corruptions. Reich's book will help many an elite parent understand the speech of many an elite child. Such "communication" as will then ensue is better than estrangement. But it is not yet a sign of a new spring in America. If it is like this in the green wood, and worse in the dry, we must yet push on elsewhere in search of wisdom and political effectiveness.

In an interview in the *New York Times,* Reich is quoted as saying that his next book will deal with how to change political structures. Now *that* will be the text! We can't, as Reich says, "just sit in the trees and play harmonicas." . . . Reminds one of the move from liturgy to social action, doesn't it?

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RICHARD SNYDER

## *TO THE TWELFTH-CHAIR CELLIST IN THE PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY*

Seurat would have painted you—cameo,
dark dress and dimpled light—among the left
profiles on his Jatte to answer Degas'
'Too little motion' by your fingers on
polished wood and their graceful tendencies.



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FESTIVAL FLASHBACK

# THE SCREEN

As film festivals go, the Eighth New York Film Festival came and went. Although announcements promised works by outstanding directors whose wares were typical and attractive festival fare (Resnais, Chabrol, Godard, Bunuel, Straub, Duras, Bertolucci, Olmi, Ray), attendance at the 1970 New York event was considerably less than in the previous year. Perhaps the paying customers were getting wise.

Nevertheless some of the 26 main-event showings at Lincoln Center were sold out. Also interesting was the fact that more pictures than ever before went into release almost immediately after their appearance at the Festival. Although some of these had been sold to releasing companies *before* the Festival, their being shown *at* the Festival gave them an added boost. So no doubt film festivals (good, bad, or medium) with their discussion groups, retrospective showings, and new films, justify themselves and stimulate interest in cinema.

François Truffaut's *The Wild Child* was the opening picture at the Festival; and ten days later Luis Bunuel's *Tristana* closed it. Both pictures were worthy of these choice spots. However I agree with Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr., who said in his excellent review of *The Wild Child* in the Oct. 1 *Commonweal,* "dramatically it's rather flat." I wonder if director Truffaut's mistake wasn't in playing the lead role of the doctor who tries to tame and teach the wild boy. What this animal child needed along with education was some warmth and love. But Truffaut's Dr. Itard is a cold fish. Since the film's script is based on the real Dr. Itard's 1806 account of his experience with Victor, the wild boy found in a French forest, perhaps the original Itard was the cool scientist Truffaut portrays. In any case, the film has the calm, factual and absorbing tone of a case history that could be shown in schools for many years to come.

Better made, but not so factual, is Bunuel's *Tristana,* which may turn out to be the Spanish director's masterpiece. Since I seldom like complicated tales of vengeance, I found myself turning away from *Tristana* once I could see which way it was going. Tristana (beautifully played by Catherine Deneuve in her best performance to date) becomes the ward of Don Lope (brilliantly portrayed by Fernando Rey as a middle-aged aristocrat whose standards are fashioned by his own selfish rules). When Don Lope seduces Tristana, the girl hardly realizes what's going on and at first seems to be enjoying her position in his household.

Although she becomes his mistress, Tristana is never in love with Don Lope; and when a handsome young artist (Franco Nero) turns up, the girl finds real love and runs away with him. But this happiness is short-lived. She becomes ill; the artist returns her to the aging Don Lope who takes her in and watches over her when her leg amputation becomes necessary. By now Tristana has become embittered and completely corrupt—and she takes her revenge on the ailing Don Lope. So skillful is Bunuel's filmmaking in *Tristana* that I found myself fascinated as well as repelled by the movie. Bunuel is up to his tricks with touches of anti-Catholicism, flashes of surrealism, and scorn for human behavior, but adults looking for adult fare *will* find it in *Tristana.*

Unfortunately, not enough of this 1970 N.Y. Festival hit the high cinematic standards of the Truffaut and Bunuel. Jean-Luc Godard's *Wind from the East* was a well-made but very obvious left-wing propaganda piece. Jean-Marie Straub's *Orthon* was just a talkfest in which actors stood before the camera and recited the lines from Corneille's play. And Ermanno Olmi's *The Scavengers* was a tiresome display of the generation gap. (This theme was covered much better in a non-Festival film, *I Never Sang for My Father.*)

Two films that really won me at the Festival, however, were *Five Easy Pieces* and *The Garden of Delights,* both also having to do with generation gaps and many other things. Jack Nicholson gives an excellent performance as the wastrel in *Five Easy Pieces* and proves again to be an actor to whom attention must be paid. *The Garden of Delights* is a Spanish film that has not yet been sold to a distributor. It is a bitter and brilliant satire made by Carlos Saura and deserves to be seen by Americans. Buyers please bid.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

ANNE HIGGINS

## *THE ENGINEER ON THE TRAIN*

He turned the page.
Logarithms
proving
the Electronic Cable
or something equally
inscrutable
scuttled in rows
from page to page.
I was a hunter
of pyramids
puzzling over his shoulder
at the hieroglyphic . . .
He caught me,
sniffed and hunched
over the paper,
shifted a suspicious eye.
I changed my seat
blushing.



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*Arend Van Leeuwen*

# A Christocentric World History

**ROSEMARY RUETHER**

Arend Van Leeuwen's new book, *Development Through Revolution,* must be read as a 300-page footnote to a book half again that length, which he published in Dutch six years ago, entitled *Christianity and World History*. In that earlier book Van Leeuwen undertook the monumental task of revivifying the Christian understanding of the centrality of Christ for an understanding of world history. This thesis is pursued through a comprehensive survey of the relationship between world history and the messianic dynamic, tracing this development both through traditional social patterns—and in terms of modern revolutionary societies which are emerging through the disintegration of classical social patterns, led by the West, itself emerging from a disintegrating Christendom, in its role as *agent provocateur* of a new global, secular, technological humanity. One might well assume that the very effort to sketch such a Christocentric view of the world history is itself such an obvious fossil of residual Christian provincialism and cultural imperialism, that the very direction of world history toward universalism in a secular setting would undermine this thesis at the outset. But Van Leeuwen maintains his thesis with such a comprehensive command of the role of Christianity and the West in the creation of this very dialectic that one is finally forced to conclude that these two books are enormously suggestive of what such a new global consciousness might look like; a global consciousness which does not negate, but gathers into a new synthesis all the riches of the many pasts of human cultures. Yet each book ends in a peculiarly unsatisfying way, as though one were just on the verge of posing the really crucial questions when Van Leeuwen breaks off his analysis and leaves everything up in the air. We are given a provocative direction, but not a solution. Yet that unfinished sense, right at the brink of the ultimate question, is exactly where we are in human history. The dynamic of world development has brought us right up to the brink of the ultimate question of human survival, through new human solidarity, or total annihilation, but only a leap of faith and not a historian's prediction can chart a constructive solution to the direction which Van Leeuwen has picked out through the tangles of these converging human histories.

***Christianity and World History: The Meeting of the Faith of East and West***
AREND TH. VAN LEEUWEN
*Scribner's, (1966) $8.50*

***Development Through Revolution***
AREND TH. VAN LEEUWEN
*Scribner's, $8.95*

Ancient classical societies, according to Van Leeuwen, have an ontocratic structure. Cosmos and society, the heavenly court and the earthly court, are part of one fixed, static structure which can be continually reestablished against the threat of chaos, but not fundamentally changed, for the social pattern is an image of eternal, unchanging verities. This was the pattern of the ancient Near Eastern societies that were gathered into the Roman Empire, as well as the pattern of classical Indian and Chinese civilization. Israel was the first people to break with this classical pattern. Although Israel borrowed the cyclic seasonal celebrations, the temple and the idea of kingship from her Eastern neighbors, her historical reinterpretation of the traditional festivals, and her sense of prophetic tension between the 'is' and the 'ought' of God's demands created a tension that exploded the boundaries of the ontocratic pattern and set Israel in search of a 'new world' that fundamentally transcended the limits of existing reality. The development of classical Greece also saw an emergence of the human element as a power transcendent to 'nature', and a transcendence of the tribal pattern of society in the *polis*.

Christianity was the heir of both Israelite prophetism and Greek humanism, and thus inserted into the stream of history the seeds of dissolution of the ontocratic pattern of classical societies. Yet its incorporation into the Roman Empire in the fourth century was a comprehensive effort to reassert the ontocratic pattern on a 'Christian basis.' In the thinking of that Christian Platonism which was the foundation of Christendom, the Emperor is the image of the eternal Logos-Christ, and the social hierarchy mirrors the angelic hierarchy. Moreover the identification of Christianity with the Greco-Roman *Oikoumené* barred the possibility of Christianity ever becoming an indigenous Eastern religion. The nationalist revolt of the Eastern provinces of the Empire against this cultural imperialism eventually found expression in Islam as a kind of twin brother of Christianity in antithetical form. Thus Christianity was set on an essentially Western path, expanding along the lines of Roman conquest in Europe, but barred from the Orient by Islam and buffered by a static Byzantine Christianity in the East where Christianity



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had been integrated into the classical, ontocratic pattern. The West too, in its own way, aspired to a similar integration of religion and society, but the dissolution of the empire in the West set it upon a different course: the essential tension between messianism and the classical ontocratic pattern was to be manifested in a continued series of revolutions, which were to dissolve the classical pattern and substitute instead a dynamic, historical concept of society, emancipated from static cosmic orders. This dynamic, revolutionary concept of life, implanted by Israel in the womb of Western civilization, then grew into a mighty giant in the course of European development. And from Europe it is spreading the same revolutionary transformation and the same dissolution of the classical ontocratic pattern of society to all the other cultural regions of mankind.

But this revolutionary dynamic spreads to the rest of mankind only in a dialectical relationship to its original cultural bearers. Indeed it is Christian civilization in the West which itself is the first to experience this revolutionary dynamic of the messianic impulse of Christianity in a revolt against the very culture created in the West in the name of Christianity. Christian society itself is an essentially paradoxical fusion of the classical ontocratic pattern with the revolutionary dynamic of messianism. It experiences continual tension and internal revolt, from the conflict of pope and emperor in the middle ages, to the Reformation, the Industrial Revolution, the French, American and Russian revolutions, as a constant expression of this messianic dynamic which shatters the boundaries of every attempt to incarnate it in a fixed social structure. Secularization, the revolt against church and Christian state, then is itself the expression of this messianic dynamic which revolts against all efforts to incorporate it into a social order presumed to mirror a fixed cosmic order of heaven and earth, and instead sends man out on a revolutionary path in search of a 'new creation' that ever shatters the boundaries of every present reality. Secularization expresses the historical transcendence of messianism, as opposed to the vertical integration of heaven and earth of the classical ontocratic pattern.

In a similar way, the Western revolutionary impulse spreads to the rest of mankind only in a dialectical manner. Wherever Western influence touches, the classical social pattern is set in a new tension that ultimately dissolves its classical order and substitutes instead the dynamic revolutionary concept of society of the West. Thus Eastern societies begin to experience a revolutionary momentum, in the form of a restless search for improvement of life, and a secularization of the classical integration of heaven and earth. But these technological, secular, revolutionary modes of life implanted by the West are acted out in non-Western societies also in the form of an anti-Western, anti-imperialist revolt against Western tutelage. The whole world is moving toward a new global unity under the Western patterns of revolutionary culture, but only through each cultural area's striving to realize this revolutionary culture in the context of its own identity and integrity. Thus global unity and a revolt of every oppressed group, in demands for national, class, racial and sexual integrity, go hand in hand. Man is moving closer together but only on the basis of each group's self-realization. All of the social revolutions that rock the modern world are essentially the working out of this manifold revolutionary process. Communism is the dominating ideology of this self-realization because it, too, not unlike the role played by Islam in ideology which allows non-Western an earlier period, is a messianic people to catch the Western fever, but in their own terms; i.e. through revolt against Western tutelage. Development, revolution and worldwide warfare, ranging from guerrilla battles to the threat of atomic annihilation, expresses the working out of this dialectical tension of synthesis through antithesis.

In this seemingly culminative world adventure of mankind, the Biblical mythology of apocalypse and paradise come close, as genuine, practical al-



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ternatives. Mankind will either conquer necessity in a non-oppressive form, or the revolutionary tension bred in mankind by Jewish-Christian messianism will end in a final explosion. In this revolutionary situation, it is the responsibility of Christians, especially, to recognize the essentially theological dimension of this struggle, and the Christian responsibility for engendering it, and to develop a theology of revolution adequate to guide it. Such a theology of revolution must recognize the irreversibility of the revolutionary momentum. From the perspective of eschatological mandate laid upon human history by the messianic proclamation, it is equally an apostasy to identify Christianity with the ontocratic pattern of a past Christian society, which this messianic momentum has, in fact, already invalidated, or to identify this messianic mandate with any future revolutionary society that might emerge on the other side of any social crisis. Messianism, by its very nature, puts to an end all static integration of heaven and earth, whether of the past or of the future, and places heaven ahead of man as the source of a constant exodus to new possibilities. To teach men to live with this historical tension of ever renewed repentance and exodus is the task of the Christian theology of revolution in the modern revolutionary world which Christianity has given birth. In order to create a new human society which can live with such radically historical existence, man must do nothing less than give birth to a new kind of humanity which can resist the age-old temptation to dogmatize and eternalize his human historical works, and yet not make of the future a Moloch which devours each present generation, but one which can rejoice in the daily bread and cup of wine as a nourishment neither empty nor omnipotent, but suited to the measure of a man.

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ROSEMARY RUETHER, *the author of* The Church Against Itself *(Herder and Herder) and, most recently,* The Radical Kingdom *(Harper & Row), is a member of the faculty of Howard University in Washington.*

**"He was an Englishman, who became a Communist, then a Catholic, later a Trappist, and finally a Buddhist, at which point he died."**

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# CRITICS' CHOICES FOR CHRISTMAS

BOOKS

## *William Pfaff*

The book I read with the greatest pleasure during 1970 was undoubtedly Saul Bellow's novel, *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (Viking, $6.95). Its supreme quality is intelligence, a kind of worldly, detached, humane intelligence uncommon in an American, unexpected in an American novel. W. H. Auden's "commonplace book," *A Certain World* (Viking, $10), also gave pleasure and would make a splendid gift, although it is something to be read occasionally, even idly, and then affords constant surprises and provocations. (But of course the prose Auden to give, if the choice is to be made, is *The Dyer's Hand* [Random House, $10], a marvelous book.) A biography: *Zelda* (by Nancy Milford, Harper & Row, $10), a conscientious recounting with much new information of the cautionary and, by now, mythic American tale, that of the doomed Fitzgeralds. But were they doomed? Miss Milford makes us see something quite different, that for all the comet rise and fall of the Fitzgeralds, the Plaza Fountain and the booze and the crash, neither of them failed.

To use Mr. Sammler's phrase, both Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda met the terms of their contract. To the end, through everything, they defended one another, sustained one another, worked, cared.

An autobiography: Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich* (Macmillan, $12.50), of the greatest historical interest and also a moral tale. A political work: Hannah Arendt's *On Violence* (Harvest, $1.65)—by the best political writer in America. A neglected novel, just reissued in London: Allen Tate's *The Fathers* (Penguin Modern Classics); this is a distinguished American novel. The most amusing book read this year was another Penguin, this one for sale here, *Chips, The Diaries of Sir Henry Channon*. 'Chips' Channon was a Chicago lad who made good in prewar London political society, marrying a Guinness heiress and having bestowed upon him the Guinness seat in Parliament. From 1934 to 1958 he collects the gossip of politics and society, himself an incorrigible appeaser, loathing Churchill, hating and fearing the Socialists, trivial, a snob, an *arriviste*, a butterfly in the holocaust of modern European history. But also, and this is what makes Channon interesting, he was sufficiently intelligent to understand exactly what he was, and to write about himself with the same detachment with which he records the disintegration of an English social structure he loved as only an *arriviste* could.

Finally, Ned O'Gorman's *The Storefront* (Harper & Row, $1.25), a white man's short, passionate, book about some black children and about education. The surface of the book conveys an illusion of romanticism; beneath, it is tough, mercilessly serious.

## *Joseph Cunneen*

A major difficulty with being professionally involved with books is that you develop the occupational disease of glancing at many, becoming aware of promising volumes without getting around to reading them: there are enough good books that come along naturally and it is obviously against the rules to buy one. This explains the random nature of these recommendations:

*Black Priest/White Church*. By Lawrence L. Lucas (Random House, $6.95). This is a long overdue statement of what the Church looks like to a black priest, and nothing could be more important than for the hierarchy to act on its implications.

*Towards a Reconstruction of Religion*. By Eugene Fontinell (DoubleDay, $5.95). Fontinell wants me to abandon my already-threadbare theological security blanket and start all over again on the basis of Dewey and William James. He's serious, so I'm willing to try, but still yearn for a Teacher's Manual that has the answers in the back.

*Quattlebaum's Truth*. By Mark Gross (Harper & Row, $4.95). Gross is sprightlier than Fontinell, because he does his philosophizing in dialogues with his wife and friends, but he's just as serious. Quattlebaum insists he's not a pantheist but has me doubting whether there really is a sassafras tree out there.

*Divine Disobedience*. By Francine Gray (Knopf, $6.95). These superior *New Yorker* portraits of the Emmaus House gang, the Berrigans, and Ivan Illich, manage to be admiring without being starry-eyed, succeeding both as character-sketches and in providing nuances for some razor-edge positions.

*Romantic Quest and Modern Theory: A History of the Modern Theatre*. By



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Tom F. Driver (Delacorte, $7.50). This is the best book on drama this year, relating the key playwrights to the theatres from which they developed and the milieu of their original audiences.

*Monk Dawson.* By Piers Paul Read (Lippincott, $5.95). This first novel by a young English writer won the Hawthornden prize and is a model of restraint and indirection in pursuing the career of a young man largely miseducated by an upper-class Benedictine prep school; "swinging London" turns out, however, to have even less to do with reality.

*The Great Conspiracy Trial.* By Jason Epstein (Random House, $7.95). One would prefer to ignore Judge Hoffmann's circus, but since Epstein had the stamina to endure it and put it together in a coherent form, anyone who cares about America will benefit from careful attention to his report.

*The Gospel According to John, XIII-XXI.* By Raymond C. Brown (Doubleday, $8). With this second volume, Father Brown's Anchor Bible edition *cum* commentary of St. John's Gospel is complete, and far more revelant than *The Greening of America.*

## *Saul Maloff*

Until a couple of years ago I read, I suppose, upward of a hundred novels a year, year in and year out, and turned the pages of at least twice that number—partly by reason of the strange and odious trade I practiced, and partly because, for complicated reasons, I wanted to and/or felt I should. Since the external obligation is past and the internal one no longer exerts anything like the same pressure, I find I scarcely read novels these days, unless I'm to review them; or have them hotly pressed on me by some sweating evangelist; or where I still have the illusion that because the writer interested me once, he may again—which is not to say I don't think there are some fine novelists still at work. I think this turnabout bespeaks a general condition outside my inner fatigue; but this is not the time or place to entertain large, round reflections. In the meantime, I too am caught up in Armageddon. Therefore . . .

A certain doggedness and severity of will, to say nothing of unassuageable moral outrage and masterful intelligence, must be required to keep Noam Chomsky at his superb, unavailing work of exposing in exquisite detail the bankruptcy of our various foreign interventions and the worldview that instigates and attempts to rationalize them. *At War with Asia: Essays on Indochina* (Pantheon, $7.95) continues his earlier studies (*American Power and the New Mandarins*) with supplementary and new ones on Pinkville, Cambodia, Laos, North Vietnam, war crimes—all together adding up to the definitive moral and political critique of the war that will prove to be the event that changed the nature and destiny of American society. Someone (Richard Barnet or Murray Kempton or both) called Chomsky the most


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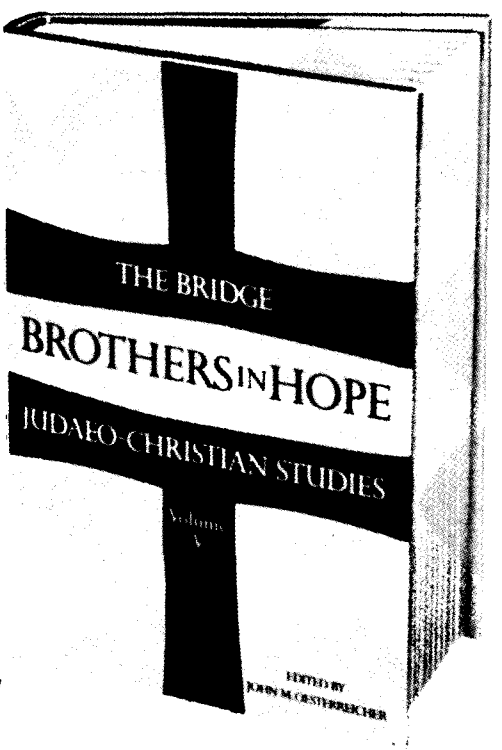


Judaism and the Church are firmly rooted in the past, and yet they are future-bound. Hope is their distinctive mark. Christians and Jews are thus a brotherhood of hope, but their brotherhood is not just a given, it must grow. *Brothers in Hope* is thus devoted to the dynamics of that brotherhood.

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valuable American engaged in work of *any* sort—a reasonable estimate. Further reading, if any is required: *The Indochina Story*, by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars (Bantam, $1.25).

Further studies in a dying culture. To the trial of the Chicago Seven (originally Eight), the latest and most turbulent in a long and distinguished history of judicial farce and frameup, Jason Epstein brings his truly extraordinary gift for the exposition and illumination of sheer chaos—in *The Great Conspiracy Trial* (Random House, $7.95). Epstein is fine at placing the event in a wide context of American history and the narrower one of our contemporary situation; but his singular strength—as readers of his *New York Review of Books* pieces on Oceanville-Brownsville will recall—lies in finding the central narrative thread in what seems a hopeless tangle of oddly assorted strings—and arranging it in something resembling a straight line.

Now that the state security police have finally incarcerated Daniel Berrigan, thus bringing to a (temporary) close a great episode in American life, Francine Gray's stylish and warmhearted *Divine Disobedience: Profiles in Catholic Radicalism* (Knopf, $6.95) seems all the more poignant a chronicle and analysis of the insurrection within the church. Among the "profiles": the Berrigan brothers; the founders of Emmaus House; the Milwaukee and Catonsville actions; Ivan Illich—all vividly and feelingly brought to life.

"Series" of books almost without exception, are notions cooked up by editors and publishers with a view to feeding the unnatural appetite of a real or imagined audience, usually on campus; and "introductory" series, with no exception I can think of, are cynical scandals consumed by students who can't or won't read real—as opposed to non- or pseudo- — books; which is to say packaged pages that might as well be blank. Viking's series "Modern Masters," under the general editorship of Frank Kermode, is a singular, a brilliant exception to the depressing rule. Small volumes, relatively inexpensive, and devoted to the thought and work of the most influential modern thinkers and artists (the former predominating); and all written by distinguished men in their own right with a special gift for elucidating complex subjects (e.g., Chomsky's linguistics and Wittgenstein's philosophy). Nine volumes so far: Chomsky (as linguist), Wittgenstein, Lévi-Strauss, Guevara, Fanon, Camus, Marcuse, Lukács, Joyce (with Freud, Trotsky, Tolstoy, Yeats, Eliot already announced and presumably in the works).

If you have any taste for literary criticism, Philip Rahv's collected essays, *Literature and the Sixth Sense* (Houghton-Mifflin, $10), which are exemplary for their balance, force, clarity, breadth. Rahv's famous essays on American literature and the modern European masters are here; but the volume's lasting importance is conferred by the essays that finally interred the New Criticism while at the same time demonstrating what its successor could look like.

## *Alice Mayhew*

*Maltaverne*. By François Mauriac (Farrar, Straus, $5.95) The last novel from the old Jansenist Bordelais country, spiritually (at least) autobiographical of the author's extreme youth with one of those evilgood-women he drew so well, and a battle between piety and duty on the one hand and love and freedom on the other. Protagonist escapes to Paris (or does he?).

*Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battles*. By J. Glenn Gray, with an Introduction by Hannah Arendt (Harper Torchbooks, $1.95). Published originally in 1959, now in paperback. Based on letters and journals he kept during his service as an infantryman in


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World War II, a professor of philosophy reflects on his own feelings and thoughts and attempts to explain the paradoxes of battlefield behavior—decent, even kind, men committing acts of savagery, the human spirit attempting to cope with its own conscience and the job of killing. A book for these sad times.

*The French Lieutenant's Woman.* By John Fowles. (Little, Brown, $7.95). A juicy striptease by Master Fowles that gives the reader the chance to write his own ending. Fascinating character, setting, suspense, mystery, what-have-you. Dual time sequence contrasts Victorian and modern, and casts time perspectives in sly battle, but the narrative sustains a lot of complicated business. Very good entertainment.

*The Great Conspiracy Trial.* By Jason Epstein. (Random House, $7.95) A brilliant explanation of the importance of the Chicago trial's place in American political history. The gash that has recurred from time to time in this country is re-examined in the colorful details of Chicago 1968-1970, but the author also traces the origins of the law and the politics that place this event in perspective. The background is woven in with considerable adroitness so that the reader absorbs the constitutional history, the parallel with the Haymarket trials, issues of radicalism versus conservatism, and points of law as well as the implications of this legal confrontation for the future. The courtroom descriptions are alive and witty.

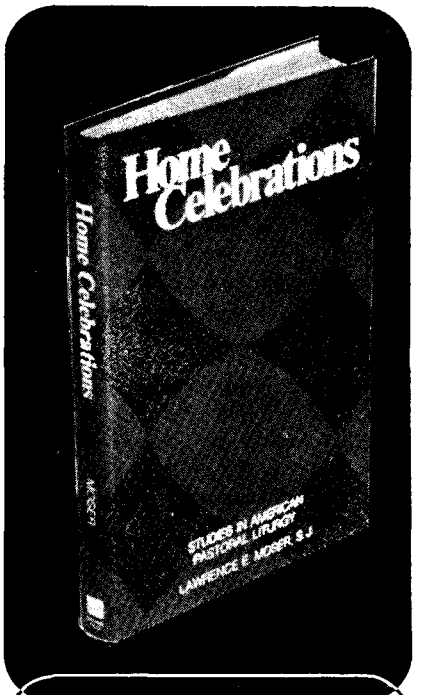
## *Donald R. Cutler*

I'm afraid most of my time is spent either on literary embryology, deciding what should be aborted or what should be allowed to go on to the bindery, or on trying to plan some architectural approach to the publishing lists that my colleagues and I are responsible for. Hence my contact with other publishers' books is not as systematic as I would like it to be, and my "outside" reading tends to be directed toward volumes that may have personal meaning for me.

It's a time for trying to determine how much autonomy one has, how frankly responsible—personally and collectively—one is for the way things are and personal life as it is. Lately I've been trying to explain to myself how it came to be that I have a deep mindset which is optimistic, which believes "that things will get better," and on the other hand I believe I sense a malaise in and around me which is practically intolerable.

Of the volumes of social criticism applicable to that dilemma, Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* (Random House, $7.95) is surely the book of the year. Readers of *Commonweal* and other similar periodicals have found or will find much of Reich's argument terribly familiar. But I would like to extend the book high marks for lucidity and timing. Many books lack credibility because they are "near misses." The author may have been unwilling to do the final rewrite which would have brought clarity. Or the theme may have been overstated (an especially common fault of books of and about religion). For whatever reason there is an obvious if minor flaw, and all the critics jump on the flaw with an awful vengeance. Professor Reich has worked so hard on his book that the argument is clear, unavoidably clear. He has elicited an enormous response; he has seemed, for example, to have single-handedly launched the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times.* The timing was so graceful that he caught a new and large and literate middle-class, middle-aged readership, giving them the background for discussing consciousness-conflict with the persons and groups for whom the theme was already familiar.

With a better break or two in timing (and with baptism in *The New Yorker*) Philip Slater's *The Pursuit of Loneliness; American Culture at the Breaking Point* (Beacon Press, $7.50) might have wrought the same effect. His is a better book than Reich's for my taste, briefer, subtler, and more tantalizing as literature. In brief he has persuaded me that a great many of the things I do with relentless determination in order self-consciously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to fulfill my built-in mindset that things are going to get better are precisely the things which underwrite the malaise. If you think that such a scenario cannot be both credible and entertaining I recommend Professor Slater's book as the unrecognized book of the year.

Anyone who shares my daily experience of riding each night from New York City through the industrial fields of New Jersey on the way to the Sanctuary of Princeton, through that phantasmagoric wasteland of industrial tank, tower and fire intersected by a convoy of trucks and buses known as the Jersey Turnpike has to ask how it all happened. So I'm slowly reading Lewis Mumford's *The Pentagon of Power* (Harcourt, Brace, $12.95). I might add, gratuitously, that I consider each of these books in important dimensions to be of and about religion, the kind of books I crave as a publisher of and about religion.

## *Anne Fremantle*

This has been an excellent year. Among the many good books curled up with: *Portrait of India*. By Ved Mehta. (Farrar, Straus, $12.95) This is the first book that ever managed to convey to me a feeling that it began, at least, to cope with the huge reality of the "sub-continent," to give some idea of the mass, size, vastness, volume, complexity, multiplicity and sheer bulk of India. Yet, though it is a kaleidoscope of India's infinite variety, of faiths, languages, climates, landscapes, problems and personalities, Ved Mehta considers each seriously, unhurriedly, humorously, deeply. A book to ponder, to keep and refer to often.

*A Hundred Years of Solitude*. By Gabriel Garcia Marquez. (Harper & Row, $7.95.) This novel delighted me more than any has since I left college, 40 years ago. Which means that I put it, seriously and at once, into the top class, the classic Middlemarch-Madam Bovary bracket. It is outrageously funny, deeply tragic, and so marvelously alive that after reading it real-life people seem, as they do after reading Balzac, to be "the shadows of shades."

*Enid Bagnold's Autobiography*. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $8.95) Here is excellent theater, chosen selectively, and brilliantly rendered by a dramatist, who has taken the best scenes from her own life, and made them relevant for all her readers. She has wit, wonder and compassion—even for herself. Over eighty now, she has played at the top table for most of her well-filled years—her husband was head of Reuters, and her "National Velvet" and "The Chalk Garden" were international successes. She manages to share much with us, not least the fact that she had a very good time—as do her readers.

*Maurice Baring Restored: Selections from His Work. Chosen and Edited. with an Introduction and Commentaries by Paul Horgan*. (Farrar, Straus, $15.) Maurice Baring was one of those thoroughly British characters who are marvelously mixed—his family had Russian connections, and he spoke several languages and was simultaneously eccentric and correct, solitary and gregarious, holy and silly. It is most agreeable to rediscover this serious writer, who thought "merely frivolous people are necessary to this gray world." His autobiography, four chapters of which are included in this princely volume, and *Daphne Adeane*, are both still well worth reading, and *The Lonely Lady of Dulwich*, a complete novel I had never even heard of before (though I knew Baring) is delightful. His interior house (castle probably) had windows open all the way, upon Asia, the theater, theology (rather too wide open, this window), history, journalism, love. Dr. Horgan has produced a handsome, munchable sampling of Baring's best work.

*Trials of the Resistance: Essays by Noam Chomsky, Ronald Dworkin, Jason Epstein, Michael Ferber, Francine Gray, Florence Howe, Andrew Kopkind, Paul Lauter, Herbert Packer, Emma Rothschild*. (A New York Review Book distributed by Vintage Books, $2.45.) "The conflict between law and conscience fell upon us so recently and so unexpectedly," writes



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Murray Kempton in his introduction to this terrifying and salutary account of the recent political trials here, "that there seems to exist no extensive discussion of it." Since soon none may be permitted, it seems essential to read right now these factual accounts of what is happening and what actually has already happened. I much enjoyed comparing Emma Rothschild's piece with the translation of the transcript of Bukharin's trial in 1936 in Moscow, available in English in the New York Public Library. Most of us can do nothing about what is happening, but we still can learn quite a lot, and this paperback is to my mind the most instruction for the least effort (and money). It should be required reading for all concerned adult U.S. citizens, consenting to what they learn, or dissenting.

## *Arthur Moore*

A general word of an autobiographical nature might help to explain the character of these selections. The creeping malaise of the times has been infectious enough so far to keep me from reading several books that have been highly recommended but whose subject matter fills me with dread. Garry Wills' *Nixon Agonistes* and Jason Epstein's book on the Chicago Conspiracy Trial are good examples. Fascinating, no doubt, but read a book on Nixon! It is with this deplorable attitude as background that I have gathered together these fragments.

*Between the Rock and the Hard Place,* by Paul Jacobs (Random House, $4.95). This was the year that the Palestinian Arabs finally began to make a dent on the American consciousness. Mr. Jacobs' book, a personal memoir of an attempt to organize a meeting of Israelis and Arabs, reflects well the conflicts of an American Jewish radical in the present situation. Since these conflicts are beginning to surface for more and more people, the book is valuable. Some of the books more favorable to Arabs like Kennett Love's *Suez, the Twice-Fought War* (McGraw-Hill, $10), and John Davis' *The Evasive Peace* (International Publ. Service, $7) might be useful supplementary reading for Americans who are more familiar with the Israeli side of the story.

*Divine Disobedience,* by Francine duPlessix Gray (Random House, $6.95) and *The Radical Kingdom,* by Rosemary Radford Ruether (Harper & Row, $7.50). If 1970 was the year of the Arab guerrillas abroad, it was the year of the Christian underground at home. Most particularly, that is, the Berrigans. One's temptation is simply to applaud but anyone who wants to wrestle with the issues raised by the brothers B. might profitably read these two books as well as the writings of Dan himself. This is true even though in Mrs. Gray's case, she doesn't quite get it right because her admiration sometimes gets in the way. Dr. Ruether's book, an examination of whether Christianity has a revolutionary strain in it and how such a strain operates, is work much needed today.

*Zelda,* by Nancy Milford (Harper & Row, $10) and *Lytton Strachey,* Vols. I & II, (Holt, Rinehart, $21.95 set), by Michael Holroyd. The trouble with a fad book like Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* is that it can be used by anybody to make any point they wish. If you really want to learn about consciousness, a good biography like either of these two will do the trick better every time. One would have thought that the Fitzgerald industry would have picked all the bones clean by now but one would have been wrong. Mrs. Milford has made it possible to understand Zelda in a way that had never been accessible before. In addition, without attempting to put down Fitzgerald in any way, she shows a struggle between the two of them that Women's Lib might use as a textbook. The Strachey biography, at first glance, might seem a bit much. Two long volumes, about mannered and often unpleasant people. I read the first volume a year ago but postponed the second one because I found the people so intensely irritating. Lytton whining to Maynard Keynes about his various loves for undergraduates whom Keynes


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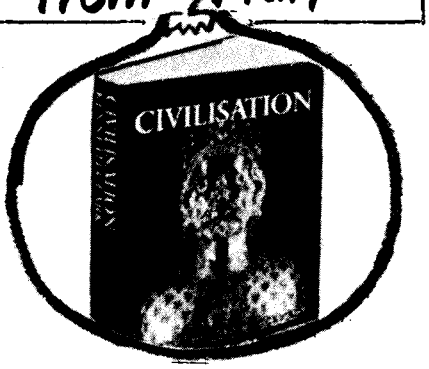


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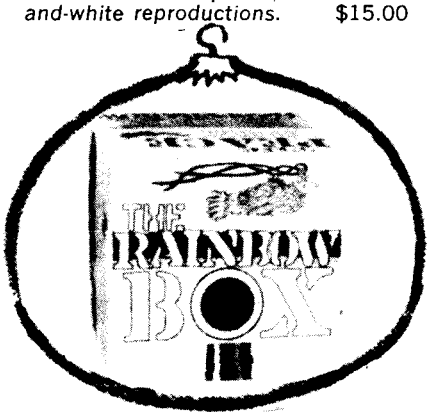


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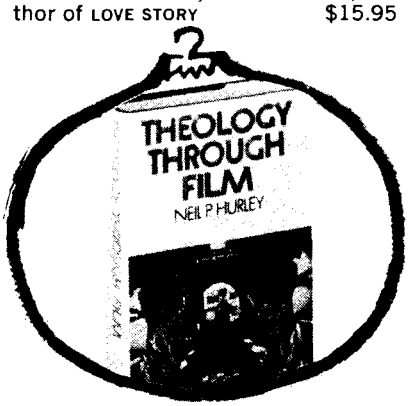


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promptly stole for himself is enough to drive you to sympathy with the Chicago *Tribune*. Well, either Bloomsbury mellowed in the interval between volumes or I did. In volume two, the people are just as bizarre in many ways but infinitely more palatable and the whole scene combines exoticism and flashes of recognition from contemporary life.

*One Hundred Years of Solitude*, by Gabriel García Márquez (Harper & Row, $7.95). Every Christmas list ought to contain one item that is pure joy, and this novel is simply that. A great pudding of a novel about the rise and fall of a mythical town in a mythical country, it just might be an allegory of the history of Latin American culture. But really, who cares. It is a novel that should be read for its own splendid self.

## *Peter Steinfels*

François Mauriac, *Maltaverne* (Farrar, Straus, $5.95). A little like being in love with love, for me reading Mauriac is an extra step removed from reality: a beautiful, elegant exercise in nostalgia, a trip back into the French Catholicism we once imported for want of homegrown spirituality. Before the game begins, one knows all the players and their moves; more like stylized chessmen than real people by now, they weave their complex patterns, are mated, checkmated, removed from the board or struck by grace. Enter the book as though through a door, and suddenly the Jansenist cosmos of Bordeaux, of pine forests, dreary vistas, provincial land-greed and village *abbés*, of spiritual pride and secret bonds, is as intense and convincing as, the instant one exits, it is distant.

Wilfrid Sheed's *Max Jamison* (Farrar, Straus, $6.50), in both style and matter, seems so much closer. The amiable rhythms of Sheed's prose are here wound tighter and tenser. The observation of every mental tic is relentless, the flow of metaphor as startling as ever, the hero's desperation as inelegant, as tinny, as most desperation actually is—and yet no less genuine desperation than that of Mauriac's Alain Gajac. No religious mystery to resonate in the background; this one must be settled in the purgatory of Fairfield County. Still, "You sound like a French Catholic novel," Jamison accuses one of his phantasm inquisitors—and, as usual, both the mockery and the reminder are exactly right.

Arthur Mitzman's *The Iron Cage: an Historical Interpretation of Max Weber* (Knopf, $7.95). An absolutely brilliant venture in psychological history, tying together the personal traumas of one of the greatest modern thinkers with his body of thought and with the cultural and political situation of a generation of European intellectuals. The author's reliance on psychoanalytic categories occasionally seems inappropriate (after all, they emerge from the same cultural, historical matrix as do Weber's ideas: employing the one set of categories to analyze the other struck me as a bit circular); but the book is nuanced, sensitive, *not* debunking—and yet one can never read Weber in the same way afterwards.

Alexis de Tocqueville's *Recollections* of the revolution of 1848, now issued in a new translation (Doubleday, $7.95), reveals much of the man who, along with Weber, has set the keynote, especially politically, for recent American social science. Both admirers and critics of what Robert Nisbet termed "the sociological tradition" would do well to keep the darker and lighter sides of these two founding fathers in mind. Weber's drive for objectivity, his unblinking honesty, his prescient political forebodings, must be matched with his traumatic sense of impotence, his encouragement of imperialism, his wartime propaganda, his inextinguishable German nationalism. In Tocqueville's brilliant observations on the course of a revolution, we recognize the man devoted to liberty and sceptical of political passion. Also the man devoted to his position and fearful of social upheaval. His nose for political numbskullery is keen; his sensitivity for the aspirations of the masses is dull. His largeness of spirit allows him to contemplate radical changes in the society of



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his day, but his visceral fear of the lower classes leads him to oppose any step toward those changes in practice.

Revolutions which fail, like that of 1848, tend to fade from view compared to those like 1789 or 1917 which succeed. The most notable of such failures in the 20th century had consequences as vast as the far more frequently studied success in Russia. I mean the 1918-19 revolution in Germany. In 1968, Richard M. Watt wrote a dramatic account interweaving the events at the Versailles Peace Conference with the failure of the German socialists to push their "revolution" far enough. *The Kings Depart* (Simon and Schuster, $10) has now been published in paperback (Clarion, $3.45).

I am not a signed-up member of the Thomas Merton Fan Club. You don't have to be to enjoy Edward Rice's remembrance of his friend, *The Man in the Sycamore Tree: The Good Times and Hard Life of Thomas Merton* (Doubleday, $7.95). Complete with photographs, hilarious bits of unpublished Mertonia, and Rice's free-wheeling comments. The author declares Merton a Buddha. But not a plaster saint. This book does *not* have the Trappists' *imprimatur*.

For a coffee-table book, I suggest the magnificent volume on *The Nineteenth Century* edited by Asa Briggs, (McGraw Hill, $30), with profusely illustrated sections on politics, art, cities, countryside, America, Russia, war, peace, and empire-building. It will support four cups and saucers. You have to supply your own legs.

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## CRITICS

WILLIAM PFAFF'S new book is *Condemned to Freedom: The Breakdown of Liberal Society*, which Random House will publish in the Spring.

JOSEPH CUNNEEN is an editor with Holt, Rinehart & Winston in New York.

SAUL MALOFF is the author of *Happy Families*.

ALICE MAYHEW is an editor at Random House.

DONALD R. CUTLER is an editor with Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

ANNE FREMANTLE is the well-known author, anthologist and critic.

ARTHUR MOORE is the editor of *World Outlook*, the missionary publication of the United Methodist Church.

PETER STEINFELS is associate editor of *Commonweal*.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*(Continued from page 237)*

the patriarchal communities in which these statements (from Isaiah, St. Paul) originated, and it seems astonishing that Father Egan is so blissfully unaware of his own not inconsiderable (and nicely patronizing) patriarchal bias.

A few weeks ago, St. Teresa of Avila and St. Catherine of Siena were pro-


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claimed Doctors of the church, joining the rather exalted ranks of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine, and St. John of the Cross. Vatican authorities found themselves able to adjust their thinking (and their pronouns) so that a woman could be included as "an ecclesiastical writer of eminent learning and a high degree of holiness, who has distinguished himself (herself) in defending, expounding and preserving the doctrine of the church, and has been so recognized by the teaching authority of the church."

Not that I'd want to *be* a priest, in the face of such rejection, but come off it, Father Egan! This is the year 1970. JANET CARNEY

### *Stop Telling "Us" to Behave*

Westchester, Ill.

*To the Editors:* Rosemary Ruether's article, "The White Left in the Mother Country" [Nov. 6], is an excellent one. Unfortunately, it contains a structural weakness. The article is addressed to the class called "The New Left" rather than individuals. I protest against being lumped, first.

Those of us who are concerned with achieving equity find ourselves branded leftists as if we are fellow-travelers with Communists instead of divergent individuals. Then those who stone the President are put in our class and we as a group are branded radicals who have somehow forfeited citizenship. . . . I charge that what we are now getting is partisan justice. . . . Our government, within a broad range, uses financial power to regulate the behavior of our society. The government, especially the political processes, is internally regulated by financial power. When a pledge of $1000 is withdrawn from a candidate's campaign, there is much more damage done than any thrown stone that fails to kill. On the one hand, those who contribute have enormous influence; on the other, those who cannot contribute have very little.

Mrs. Ruether suggests that we, "the left," communicate back to the community. Yet the community has been conditioned, through compulsory schooling, to believe the best of America; the courts are perfect; drugs are evil; and America isn't imperialistic.

Until the government starts to respond to forms of intercession, like demonstrations, instead of just monetary influence, stop telling "us" to behave. Until then I take her advice to mean: be more tempered and calculating in my stratagems.

D. K. JOHNSTON

### *Concocting a Book*

New York, N. Y.

*To the Editors:* As literary agent for Father Häring I feel I must protest against the implication in the last paragraph of Daniel C. Maguire's review of *A Theology of Protest* [10/23] that the publisher concocted the book from "a few scattered pieces" in the hope that it would "hit 15,000 sales." Nothing could be farther from the truth. Apparently the reviewer did not read the Introduction carefully or is unfamiliar with the process of transforming lectures and articles into books. Neither the publisher nor the agent had anything to do with the contents or arrangement of the book for which the author alone assumes full responsibility.

JOHN CHAPIN

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